

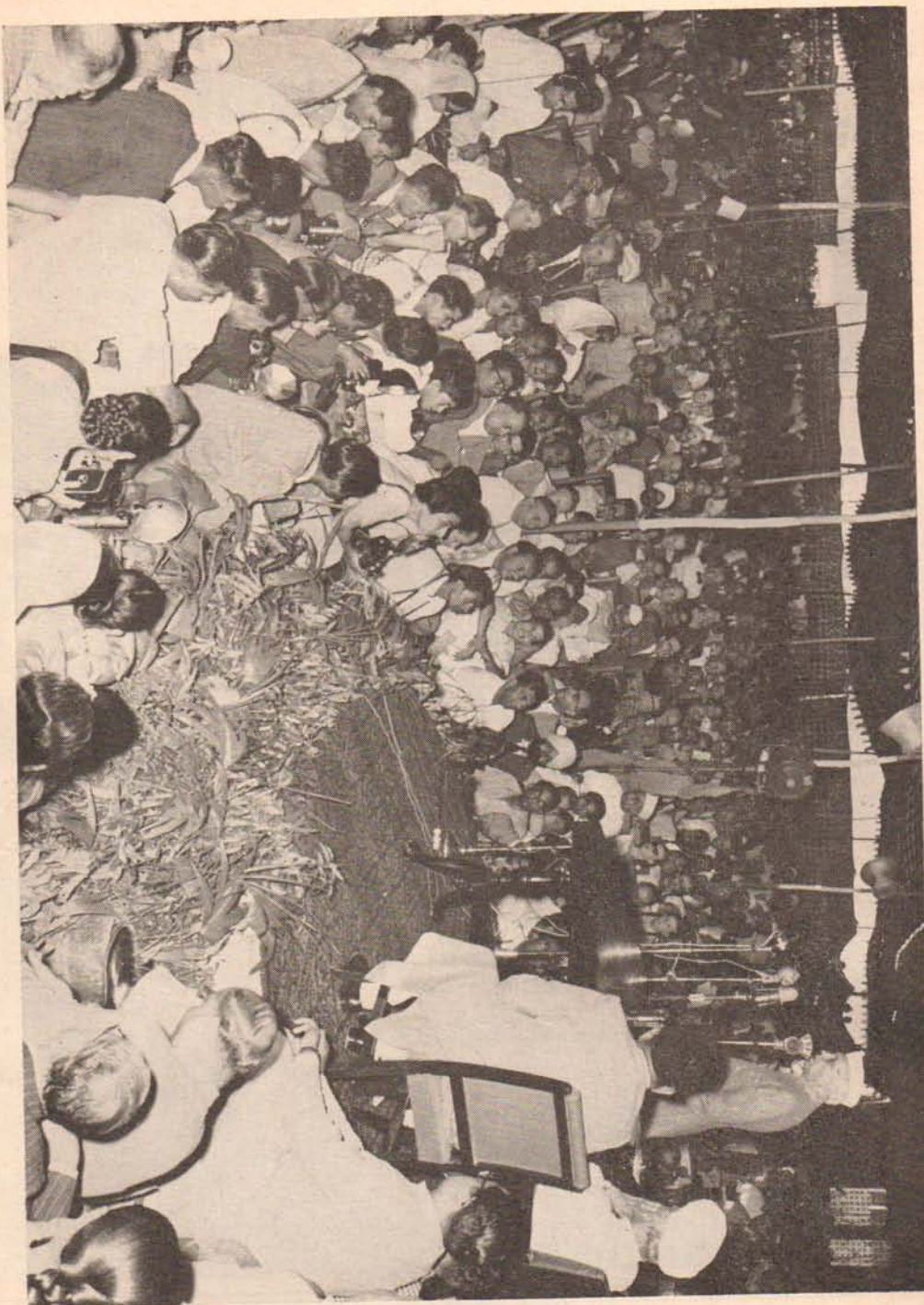
Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—



JANUARY
1956





THIS PHOTOGRAPH of India's Prime Minister Nehru giving the inaugural speech at the opening of the International Fair at New Delhi appeared on the front page of the Hindusthan Times on October 30. All of the members of Roundup's Pilgrimage to India are seated in the limited audience, in the seventh and eighth rows from the podium, in the center and to the right in the picture.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 10, No. 1

January, 1956

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly at 2808 E. 6th Ave., Denver, Colo., by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Clarence R. Gordon.....Managing Editor

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Ex-CBI Roundup

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Denver 1, Colo.

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● When one is accustomed to receiving 1,000 letters a month, you can well imagine the "mountain" of mail that awaited us on our return from the thrilling Pilgrimage to India. Normally the magazine is on the press by the 20th day of each month, and in the mails by the 1st. We're late with this issue due to the necessity of tabulating the mail, waiting for our pictures to be developed, and writing the first installment of our world tour story. We hope to be back on schedule by next issue.

● Since Roundup's office was closed during our 45-day absence, it was not possible to effect any changes of address between October 6 and November 20. If you failed to receive your November or December issues, a postcard will bring the missing copies by return mail.

● While in India we inspected and purchased thousands of dollars worth of merchandise for Roundup's "Bazaar of India." We do not expect the shipment to reach us before February 1st, but we know you'll be delighted with our selection which includes most of the items requested of us in the past.

● Our supply of Book Binders which hold 24 copies of Ex-CBI Roundup is exhausted. Due to the storage problem, we are taking orders for future delivery. When we have received 500 orders, sufficient to warrant the quantity discount, we will obtain delivery and shipment to readers made immediately thereafter.



Col. Harold Clark Dies

● Our copy of the November issue arrived today and we proceeded to read it from cover to cover. We have a bit of bad news. Col. Harold S. Clark, whose speech is quoted on pages 24, 25 and 26, died last week (Oct.). I am truly sorry he did not live to see that issue of Roundup. The colonel, or plain Harry, as I knew him, was a very good friend of mine and my wife. As a surgeon in the 111th Station Hospital at Chabua, he was the finest of surgeons, the best of doctors, a hell-of-a-fine officer, and a real friend. I am sure all of his former patients will regret his passing, as will his associates in the hospitals in which he served. My wife, who was one of his nurses, and I will miss him badly.

GUY FORBES,
Tulsa, Okla.

Would Tour Again

● . . . Actually, I never realized what a wonderful time I had on the "Pilgrimage" until after I got home and started thinking and recalling particular incidents. I'm beside myself in that I'm so thrilled over the trip as a whole. Providing time and money permits, I'd certainly like to make the same tour again if Roundup sponsors another.

PAUL BURGE,
Ft. Worth, Texas

Red Cross Gal Dies

● I know CBI-ers will be saddened to hear that Cecelia Curran Smith died in Houston on Oct. 5th. She served in India with the American Red Cross in 1945. We knew Cele in India and have been close friends since. She and her husband, Ed Smith, met in India and were members of our CBI Basha here.

DICK EDWARDS,
Houston, Texas

JANUARY, 1956

CBI-er Dies in Crash

● Capt. Charles B. Anstadt, a pilot in CBI during the war, was among the 66 persons killed in the crash of a United Airlines DC-4 in Wyoming on Oct. 6th, according to an article in the local paper. He had been stationed at Hill AFB, Utah, and his hometown was York, Pa.

ALBERT J. MUNDIS,
York, Pa.

Ledo Finance Officer

● I enjoyed reading a copy of the August 1955 issue and want to subscribe. By way of identification, I served as a Deputy Finance Officer at Ledo 1944-45.

HERBERT G. JACKSON,
San Francisco, Calif.

Gen. Casey Vincent

● I was very sorry to learn of the death of young General Vincent in the December issue. I had met this fine officer in China in 1944 and knew him as one grand fellow.

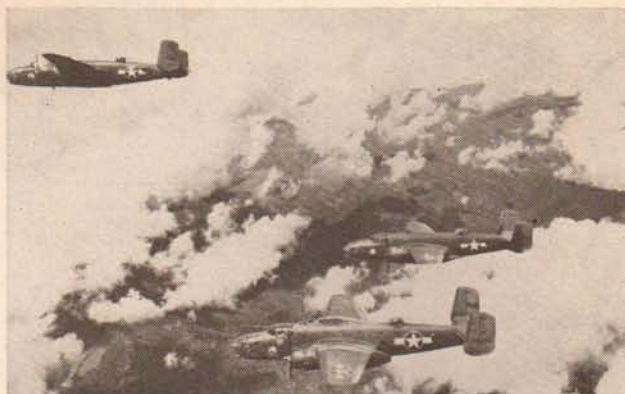
ALFRED E. CONRAD,
Nashville, Tenn.

FELIX A. RUSSELL

Patent Lawyer
MEMBER OF
General Stilwell Basha
Record of Invention Forms
FREE UPON REQUEST
507 Colorado Building
Washington, D.C.



POTTERY GALORE in the native bazaar at Chakulia, India. Jars like these, which only the Indians bought, sold for only a few annas each.



FLIGHT OF B-25's of the 491st Bomb Squadron on a mission to Burma in 1945.

New Tune In Bombay

● Wonder what they'll be playing at the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay this year? First tune I heard there in 1943 was "Deep in The Heart of Texas!"

GUIDO R. NIXON,
New York, N.Y.

"When I Grow Too Old
to Dream."—Ed.

Chabua Engineer Dies

● Would like to report the passing of a friend, John D. Walsh. He died in May, 1953. In 1943 John was an aerial engineer stationed at Chabua. Later he did administrative work at Chabua air base headquarters.

HARRY L. WEEKS,
Washington, D.C.

ATC Project 8

● Was part of Project 8, ATC, sent to Assam to fly cargo over The Hump. Was one of the group to activate Dergaon. We stayed there until the Japs got too close, then were evacuated to Jorhat. Would like to hear from any of my friends who were with me in that area.

NORBERT KOENEMANN,
Hoagland, Ind.

Back Issues!

PRICE 25c EACH

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The Roundup

P. O. Box 1769
Denver 1, Colo.

Colonel McGregor

● I am writing a story about an ATC air crew, and one Colonel McGregor, ATC commander of the Dum Dum air base at Calcutta, comes into it close to the end. My informants so far have been unable to recall the first name of Colonel McGregor. I shall be grateful to any reader of Roundup who will supply me with his first name.

BOYD SINCLAIR,
1405 E. 38½ St.,
Austin, Texas



HOWEVER THIS might look like a parade, the Gurkha sergeant at right is merely posting the guard at Chakulia air base.

Two Troopships

● An article appearing in the Los Angeles Times of Nov. 20th states that two military transports will arrive from Japan with army, navy and marine personnel and dependents. These are the Gen. J. C. Breckinridge and the Gen. A. E. Anderson. The General Anderson took the 1304th Engineers from the States to India in 1944.

ABRAHAM KRUGER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Taj Mahal Overrated?

● Now that you have seen the Taj Mahal, I am eager to learn if it is really all they say or is it, like everything else, largely overrated?

GRANT R. A. ROTH,
Montreal, Canada

489th AB Squadron

● Just found out recently about the magazine. Spent 33 months in Karachi with the 489th Air Base Squadron and thoroughly enjoyed several issues a friend sent me.

JAY H. FRYE,
Murrysville, Pa.

687th AA MG Battery

● Didn't know until my dental checkup that we CBI vets are so lucky to have a wonderful magazine. I was with the 687th AA Machine Gun Battery, 18th Bn., stationed at six different air bases in India, and also a few in Burma attached to the British 14th Army. Those memories seem to linger on.

ROBERT JOHNSON,
Indianapolis, Ind.

General Clark Dead

● Am enclosing a clipping from the Amarillo Globe-Times concerning the death of Brig. Gen. Ray H. Clark, who died of a heart attack on Oct. 27th. He was a colonel in CBI, serving with the 10th Air Force and with Lt. Gen. Stratmeyer's headquarters.

NELLIE A. HAHN,
Amarillo, Texas

Louisiana Minnows

● Nesmith's column in the November issue drew a laugh when he wrote about using a four-pound minnow to catch a 70-pound tarpon. In Louisiana we generally use the 70-pounders for bait and anything under a 100-pound tarpon is considered a minnow. Anyway, if you ever hook a tarpon you're in for a battle.

WM. R. ZIEGLER,
Houma, La.

Memory-Provoking

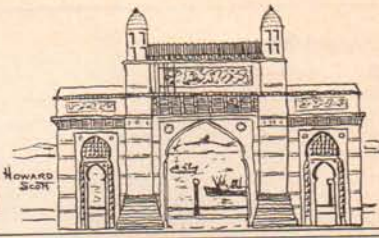
● Roundup is one magazine I read from cover to cover. Your stories are excellent, your pictures memory-provoking, and your philosophy refreshing. I would be happy to hear from any of my old friends who would care to write. The 311th Fighter Group (528th Squadron) moved around to every section of the CBI Theatre.

DANIEL J. DONAHOE,
Elmira, N.Y.



MAGNIFICENT Buddhist temple at Lai Kha, Burma, which miraculously escaped the ravages of war.

Pilgrimage To India



By CLARENCE GORDON
Managing Editor

WE HAVE JUST returned from Ex-CBI Roundup's Pilgrimage to India, a tour that took us 24,000 air miles around the world.

When the Pilgrimage was planned a year ago, our travel agents assured us that the cost was rock-bottom, that all of our accommodations and meals would be first class, and that all of our scheduled sightseeing tours would include every possible point of interest along the way.

Speaking not only for myself, but for every member of our group, this was surely the tour of tours around the world! We are told—and it has been confirmed—that we saw and did more on this 45-day adventure than most tours of three and four months duration!

The fact remains that we have returned from the Pilgrimage in a bewildered state of mind. Reflecting back over the past six weeks we find ourselves constantly asking the question, "Did it really happen?"

We were passengers in airplanes, trains, buses, taxis, horse carriages, cable cars, boats, rickshaws, tongas, shikaras, and rode the bumpy trail on burros, camels and elephants.

Our group was privileged to hear (from excellent seats) India's Prime Minister Nehru speak at the opening of the International Trade Fair at New Delhi. Earlier that same day we were guests at the residence of the Ambassador to India, Mr. John Sherman Cooper.

We saw the Eiffel Tower in Paris, the Colosseum in Rome, the Parthenon in Athens, the spectacular mountains of Greece on the way to Delphi, the Pyramids at Cairo, The Gateway to India at Bombay, Jama Masjid at Delhi, the famed Shalimar Gardens at Srinagar, the Maharaja's Palace at Jaipur, The Taj Mahal at Agra, the Bathing Ghats at Banaras, and the Jain Temple at Calcutta.

We saw the Temple of the Dawn at Bangkok, the White Pagoda at Hong Kong—where we bought tailor-made suits for \$20, five cities of Japan, the rusting anti-aircraft guns on Wake Island,

and, finally, a gala two-day holiday at Honolulu before returning to the U. S. mainland.

The entire tour was a grand experience without a single flaw, except for occasional late plane schedules.

Local guides, hired well in advance by our travel agents met us at each airport and stayed with us until the plane took off again. We lost no time fumbling with luggage at each stop (our bags were usually waiting for us when we entered our hotel rooms).

Not one member of our party could find anything but praise for the tour. Our accommodations were the finest or at least deluxe, the food everywhere was excellent, and had our group been "hand-picked" we could not have had a more wonderful selection of companions with whom to share this outstanding, memorable experience.

We are not forgetting that the purpose of the Pilgrimage to India was to see the many changes that have taken place during the past ten years. We were handicapped somewhat by the Indian Government's strict order that no photographs may be taken at civil airports and especially at military bases and installations. Many of the former U. S. airfields are being used by the Indian Army and Air Force. It was only when my camera shutter accidentally clicked that we were able to get any photos of airfields.

One of our group, Charles Woodward of Coldwater, Mich., left us at New Delhi and flew to Mohanbari, Assam, from where he rented a jeep and revisited Dibrugarh, Dikom, Chabua, Dinjan, Panitola and Tinsukia before rejoining us at Calcutta. Woodward's report and pictures will be of interest to anyone who served in Assam during the war.

Although our tour was aimed at India, we could not do justice in our report to Roundup's readers if we did not give you a rather complete rundown of our whole 45-day dream adventure. This junket was so successful that we are already planning another for 1956 that more CBI-ers and their friends may see and enjoy what we have seen. A good many readers have mentioned that they would like to make

such a tour in the future. We are happy to tell you it is money well-spent. The cost of this tour averaged \$2,260. At Banaras we met a party of 20 persons who were making a similar 60-day world tour. Comparing notes, we found they were spending \$4,600 each for a tour on which they would not see and do nearly all the things we did.

We must give credit where credit is due. I join with all of the members of our group in commending our guide, Larry Leenhouts of Travel Service Bureau, Inc. Larry, a CBI-er himself, is a partner in the Brookline, Mass., travel firm. Over a six-month period Larry made all of the plans for our first tour and saw that they were effectively carried out while he led us around the world. Alert and extremely capable, Larry leads an average of three tours a year to Europe and elsewhere. We are certain there are few in the travel business who could handle his job as well.

Now, let us present to you that long-awaited day-by-day report on our splendid adventure. We had compiled detailed notes as we went along and, of course, we can tell you only of the things we saw personally and of the incidents told to us by others when we were not together.

We hope you will enjoy reading our story and, moreover, we hope you'll be making a similar tour in the near future.

OCTOBER 6—Airborne at last! Carol—my wife—and I are finally on our way to New York City where we will meet the other 24 members of our tour party

before jumping off to Paris. We are aboard United Air Lines Flight 518 which left Denver at 1:40 p.m. MST and due to arrive at Newark, N.J., at 10:20 p.m. EDT.

This is a momentous occasion for both of us, especially for Carol. This is her first ride in an airplane, and what a ride it will be! Completely around the world!

It was drizzling in Newark when we left the plane. After claiming our baggage (the last time we'd have to do this in the next 46 days) we rode into New York City on the airport bus, then by taxi to the Park Sheraton Hotel where we would stay and meet the other members of our tour tomorrow.

OCTOBER 7—We were surprised to find it was 11 a.m. when we finally awoke. We had many things to do. We contacted Syd Greenberg, Roundup's photo editor, who had procured 30 rolls of 36-exposure film to be used by yours truly on the tour.

After lunch, Larry Leenhouts, our tour leader, arrived. He had received word that Pan American World Airways had arranged a large banner which read, "Pan American Welcomes Ex-CBI Roundup Pilgrimage to India." The banner was to be used for photographing purposes on the DC-7 airplane which would fly us to Paris tomorrow.

We were among the first to arrive at the French Room in the Park Sheraton, where the tour members met. Everyone was in a holiday mood and eager to embark on that wonderful tour which we had talked about for the past year.



GROUP POSES for Indian press photographers in the air terminal at Bombay, just after arriving on Oct. 19th.

Following the brief meeting, the New York CBI Basha staged a grand cocktail party for the group in the same room. A number of members of the recently formed Basha were on hand, including James Dowling, John J. Gussak, Syd Greenberg, Irving Moritz, Elizabeth Emmons, Anna Samele, to name a few. The party lasted until after midnight and all agreed it was a delightful surprise.



AT COCKTAIL PARTY given for the group by the Greater New York City Basha are (l. to r.) Jim Dowling, Basha Commander; Mrs. Syd Greenberg; Clarence Gordon; John J. Gussak; and Mrs. Gordon.

OCTOBER 8—The long-awaited day arrives! Today at 2:30 p.m. we leave for Idlewild International Airport where we will board the huge Pan American DC-7 for the short hop to Paris. We were to meet in the lobby of the hotel with our luggage at 2 p.m. We were ready at the appointed time when Larry received a telephone call from Pan American. Our plane would be late in arriving from Miami, the maintenance depot, and departure time was changed from 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. Luggage for 25 persons (Ida Caine would meet us in Rome) is a lot of suitcases! The management agreed to permit us the luxury of leaving the baggage in the lobby until plane time.

At 7:30 we boarded the special bus and left for Idlewild. After checking in our luggage, we were told by Pan American the departure time of Flight 62 to Paris had now been set for 1 a.m.! A cylinder on our DC-7 had to be replaced. A few agonized groans. When would we sleep? Dr. Morris Kaplan had the right idea when he said, "I'd rather wait a week for the plane if it needs repairs. I'm not a long-distance swimmer!"

The airport terminal seemed filled with Puerto Ricans and Latin-Americans. There was little room for anyone else. Due to the late departure time, Pan American issued each member of the party a \$3.00 meal ticket, to be used in the airport cafe. It was only 9 p.m. and most of

us had finished our dinner not too long before, so some tried to "drink" their \$3.00 worth, only to find to their sorrow it was good for food only.

Our group later retired to the Trans-World Airlines waiting room where we lounged until plane time.

OCTOBER 9—It was 12:35 a.m. and the DC-7 Clipper "Evening Star," comprising Flight 62 is ready and we prepared to board. Although arrangements had been made for complete press coverage, only one lone, sleepy photographer stuck it out. He had to. He represented Pan American World Airways! When Harlan Dickey read the Clipper's name on the plane, he shouted "Evening Star? They should have renamed it 'Morning Star!'"

After a few photographs we boarded the plane and were off the ground at 1:30 a.m. The Clipper was filled to capacity with at least 25 very sleepy but excited people on board.

We began our climb over Manhattan Island and as we looked down at the myriad of lights below we felt we were seeing the U.S. mainland for the last time in 45 days. This was to be a non-stop flight to Paris. We soon learned that we would fly instead up the east coast of New England, over Nova Scotia and Gander, Newfoundland, landing at Shannon, Ireland in just nine hours! The pilot explained we would stop at Shannon for 45 minutes because we had a heavy load and a slight headwind. The unscheduled stop was being made to refuel as a safety precaution in the event we could not land at Paris for any reason. Our entire flight to Shannon would be made at an altitude of 21,000 feet. The plane's cabin, of course, was pressurized to 7,000 feet.

Most of our group were seated in the rear of the plane where we could be together to become better acquainted and to share our excitement.

"See you in Ireland!" Paul Burge said, before dropping off to sleep.

The sun was shining on my face when I awakened from a restless few hours' sleep. It wasn't the excitement that robbed me of rest this time, but lack of a bed. The stewardess said we were a few minutes ahead of time and we would land at Shannon in a short time.

Breakfast was served at our seats, and a grand breakfast it was. Altho it was breakfast time for us, there is four hours difference in time, which meant it was now noon instead of 8 a.m.

All of us should be bleary-eyed from lack of sufficient sleep, but we're too excited. Betty, the 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dickey, was beaming as

she watched every cloud, every movement of the stewardess. This was a great experience for Betty and she made note of every incident in her diary.

The pilot has just announced we are approaching the southern tip of Ireland and in a few minutes we would land at Shannon. "There it is!" Al Brown shouted. Looking down as we began our descent we could see the shoreline. As we passed over coast territory and started inland, our first impression was that Ireland is as green as it should be.

We are approaching the airstrip and it looks long enough to accommodate a B-36 bomber, which we later learned it did. The pilot announced we would be permitted to go into the terminal building to buy souvenirs and postcards while refueling.

The scurry to mail postcards and photograph the airfield was astounding. We were among them, of course. This is Sunday and several hundred local citizens were on hand to see the plane come in.

A voice on the public address system announced our flight was ready for departure. We boarded the plane with new enthusiasm and interest. For most of us it was our first look at Ireland. For many it was the first visit to a foreign country.

Farm houses flashed by our windows as we roared down the runway to take off. The air is tense with anticipation as our thoughts turn once again toward Paris.

While we are climbing above the wide River Shannon, the pilot announced we would fly over the southern section of England and would see London from our new altitude of 13,000 feet.

It has been a wonderful flight from New York, smooth and most enjoyable with the splendid spirit of comradeship so ever present among us.

Our pilot accomodatingly dipped a wing so we could see the White Cliffs of Dover, England, announcing at the same time that we were now over the English Channel and in a very short time would be over the coast of France.

The sky is clear and soon we could make out the farms of France below, where just 11 years ago the bloody battles of the D-Day invasion were fought. Now the scene appeared peaceful and almost as green as Ireland.

Soon the farms gave way to towns and the towns to larger cities, and we could see them much clearer now as we lose altitude on our descent to Orly Field at Paris.

It is just 5 p.m. Paris time as our wheels touch the ground. We rolled to a stop in front of the terminal building. A

Paris



French gendarme was on hand to usher the plane's occupants into the terminal for Customs formalities. We had heard so much about going through Customs that we envisioned a lengthy delay while all of our baggage was thoroughly inspected. But the officials whisked us thru quickly and we boarded our special bus for the ride to the Claridge Hotel where we would spend the next three nights.

Larry introduced our Paris guide, Jerry Herrod, who commented that he did not ordinarily arise early in the morning to meet a plane (we would have arrived at 9 a.m. had we been on time) but in this case he was eager "to meet 25 millionaires!" who could afford a trip around the world.

It is dusk now, but as the bus rolls toward the center of the city we are aware of a foreign atmosphere—the crowds on the streets, the different architecture in homes, the *tremendous* number of motor vehicles. Once a notoriously noisy city, new law now forbids the honking of horns for any reason. This doesn't mean the drivers are more cautious. On the contrary, anytime you'd like to live dangerously here you have only to attempt to cross the street or ride a short distance in a taxicab!

We checked into the Claridge Hotel, one of Paris' best, in time for dinner. The French are world famous for wonderful food and the Claridge was certainly no exception.

Paris! "Gay, exciting and full of life," the glamour ads say. We agree! We were going to like Paris!

After dinner many strolled down the Champs Elysees, the wide business avenue on which the hotel is situated. With the Arch of Triumph at the end of the business section, this unique street is lined with trees, sidewalk cafes, perfume, jewelry and clothing shops. Americans are everywhere—tourists and soldiers on leave.



ARCH OF TRIUMPH, seen from sightseeing bus on the Champs Elysees.

OCTOBER 10—A beautiful day, warm and clear. We were told last night that the hotel management would appreciate having all of us order breakfast sent to our rooms. The Claridge actually preferred this method, and we didn't mind a bit.

We filed into our sightseeing bus at 9:30 a.m. and were introduced to our guide-for-the-day, Roddy. We never did learn his last name, and if we had we probably couldn't spell it anyway. Roddy was an exceptionally good guide, full of humor. Someone asked if we would be able to see the guillotine. Roddy replied, "In France you see the guillotine but once. It's an excellent view, and the last thing you see!"

A thrilling sightseeing tour during the morning included modern Paris . . . Bois de Boulogne, Place Victor Hugo, Trocadero, Eiffel Tower, Ecole Militaire, Invalides, Tomb of Napoleon, Place Vendome, Opera, Madeleine Church, Chapelle Expiatoire, Place de la Concorde, before returning to the hotel for lunch.

Roddy explained the Eiffel Tower was the tallest structure in the world until some American heard about it and built the Empire State Building in New York.

After lunch we again boarded the motor coach for our tour through historical Paris. This included the Place des Vic-



RODDY, our Paris guide (with tam) points to attraction at Luxembourg Palace.

tores, Les Halles, The Louvre, Senat, Sorbonne, Cluny, Place St. Michel, Cathedral of Notre Dame, Town Hall, Place des Vosges, Place de la Republique, Sacre Coeur Basillica, returning to the hotel before dark.

Larry had gotten all tickets for the Follies Bergere. A special bus took us from the hotel. Here is the greatest attraction in all Paris, for tourists and Frenchmen alike. Not only are all seats completely sold out for each performance, but every square inch of standing room as well. The fellow who invented the phrase "jam-packed" had probably attended the Follies in Paris! This is the most spectacular extravaganza we have ever seen on any stage. The sets for this musical are so expensive and elaborate that the show is changed only once in three or four years. The Follies are a **must** for anyone visiting Paris.



HAZEL DEAN "shoots" movie scene of Paul Burge enjoying the sights of Paris.

Even though it was past 1 a.m. after the show, the sidewalk cafes along the Champs Elysees were still doing big business. We had a good view of them as we walked the last half mile from the Follies to our hotel. Our special bus broke down from old age.

OCTOBER 11—Today is "on our own," to give everyone an opportunity to do the things they would enjoy most. Some went shopping, a large group took a tour to Versailles, others did more sightseeing in Paris. We decided to go shopping.

We hailed a taxi to take us to the Place de la Concorde from where we walked to the Rue de la Paix, a street famed internationally for its unique shops. We spent the better part of the morning in a small but compact perfume shop which was recommended to us. The ladies sniffed every bottle in the place before purchasing a few. We can still smell the aroma!

Leaving the perfume shop we strolled down a street until we came to a large

department store. Feeling prices would be more stable, we toured the inside, making several purchases entirely by sign language. Not one clerk could speak English and our French was limited to "merci!"



LOOKING STRAIGHT down from the top of the Eiffel Tower, one of many thrills on the world tour.

Leaving the store we hailed another taxi and drove to the Eiffel Tower for lunch. What a ride! Our driver is a master at weaving in and out of dense traffic, and I don't believe he applied his brakes once until we arrived at our destination.

The Eiffel Tower was the highlight of our stay in Paris. You cannot conceive how immense is this structure until you have stood below it and looked down from the top. To reach the highest level you must take three elevators. On the two lower levels, hundreds of feet above the ground, are large restaurants. We had lunch on the second level, which was nearly halfway to the top. This was a lavish—and expensive—café, in true French style.

After lunch we took the two other elevators to the top. What a view! All Paris was laid out before us, massive with its 4,000,000 population.

When we returned to the ground we decided we would like to take a cruise down the Seine River, but found it



TOUR PARTY entering Napoleon's Tomb.

would require more time than we had. So, after a brief stroll along the left bank we returned to our hotel.

Larry had a surprise. The Claridge Hotel manager had invited all of us to a champagne cocktail party in the hotel's own winecellar at 6:30 p.m. This was an exciting affair. Two levels below the street, the cellar contained 66,000 quarts of wine and champagne of all vintages. These were located in bins along narrow passageways, some bottles covered with an inch of dust dating back a good many years. During World War II, when the Germans occupied the city, the cellar was sealed off to keep the enemy from finding and drinking the cache. The hotel owns their own vineyards in southern France.

A delightful cocktail room, furnished and decorated in 15th century winecellar motif, was located at the end of the longest underground passage. Excellent champagne and hors d'oeuvres were served. We were offered all the champagne we could drink, and two waiters saw to it that the glasses were always full.



GUIDE RODDY poses in the Place de la Concorde with Dr. Gordon Davis (left) and Mrs. Ethel Tompkins.

After another delicious dinner in the hotel dining room, half of the tour party prepared for another gala evening, this time at The Lido, a fabulous night club. The floor show was a superb three-hour production, including a variety of acts and an exhibition of beautiful near-naked girls in the inimitable French style.

It was nearly 2 a.m. when the show was over and we had to pack our bags to be ready for the airport bus early tomorrow.

OCTOBER 12—Larry left a call for all at 6:30 in plenty of time to have that last breakfast in our rooms, finish last-minute packing, and board the airport bus. Our plane was only a few minutes late and indications were we would arrive in Rome on time, 12:25 p.m.

We would board the same Pan American Flight 62, which terminates at Rome.

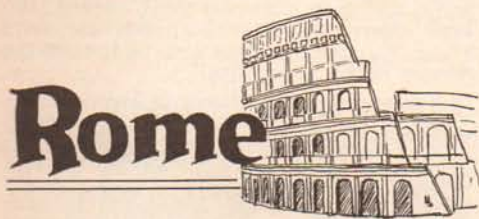
Pilgrimage to India

Customs inspection at Orly Field was again a mere formality and everyone was aboard our DC-7 shortly.

We left the ground on time and headed south, toward Rome and a new adventure. Our altitude for the flight is 13,000 feet and with a clear sky we soon could see Mount Blanc, 15,781 feet, the highest mountain in Europe, on the France-Switzerland border. Later we had an excellent view of the snow-covered Swiss alps, from a distance of some 90 miles.

Our flight was only 2 hours and 45 minutes, during which we passed over the French Riviera at Monte Carlo—a magnificent sight—the blue Mediterranean and Corsica Island.

As we circled over Rome for a landing the pilot pointed out Vatican City, the ancient Aquaduct, and other ruins of the old Roman Empire.



We landed at Ciampino Airport shortly after noon. After passing through Italian Immigration and Customs we boarded our bus and, while our luggage was being transferred to our hotel, we began our sightseeing tour through ancient Rome. A very congenial and capable guide, Alberto, had made all arrangements for our stay.

Rome is an enchanting and fascinating city, one of the favorites on our tour. Our sightseeing included the Colosseum, Roman Forum, the Old Appian Way, the Catacombs, St. Paul's Outside the Walls, The Pantheon, and many fountains, cathe-



OBSERVATION POINT overlooking ruins of the Roman Forum and allied structures. Colosseum is visible in background.



GROUP MEMBERS leaving bus in St. Peter's Plaza, just outside the Cathedral.

drals and ruins dating back to hundreds of years before Christ. You read about these things for years, but until you have actually seen them for yourself they are not appreciated. Most of these historical attractions are in a remarkable state of preservation, and the Pantheon, which was originally built as a pagan temple, is still being used today, after 1800 years!

The most outstanding—to me—of the many sights we saw today is the Colosseum. As you stand inside this mammoth arena which seated more than 60,000 Romans, you recall its history with new significance. Here the Gladiators fought



INSIDE THE ruins of the Colosseum.

their bloody duels; Christians were thrown to the hungry lions. It seemed hard to believe we were standing on the same ground as Christian martyrs of nearly 2,000 years ago.

Another outstanding historical attraction is the Catacombs, the burial and meeting place of the persecuted Christians some 1900 years ago. We were able to pass thru perhaps a half-mile of the 12 miles of subterranean tunnels and passageways—crypts and preserved bones visible along the way.

We were returned to our hotel, The Grand Flora, at 5 p.m. Again our accommodations were first class and it was a thrill to find our luggage waiting in our rooms.

As had been the custom from the beginning of the tour, we would have our meals in the hotel dining room at our own leisure and in small groups.

Our first dinner in Rome, at the Flora Hotel dining room, was excellent, although someone commented on the European coffee: "It's so thick you don't drink it, you spread it on bread and eat it!" We found by ordering instant American coffee our problem was solved.

After dinner our party of six strolled down the street on a window-shopping tour before winding up—of all places—at an American-owned night club called the Brick Top. It should have been named the "Brick Bottom." It was in a basement. When we received our check for drinks it said "6200." We thought we'd bought a Cadillac! At the rate of 630 lire to a dollar the bill was just under \$10, not as bad as it first appeared.

Thus far on the tour everyone has had a very enjoyable time and we have heard not one complaint about anything from anyone. Our guides in France as well as in Rome, even the bus drivers, have commented on the amiability of our fine group.

OCTOBER 13—Sleep is one commodity in short ration thus far on this wonderful tour. There has been so much to see and do, and we didn't want to miss a thing.

We had left a call for 8 a.m., in plenty of time for breakfast before starting our day's sightseeing. We have a new guide this morning. Tina Triossi, a very competent woman who speaks fluent English. We also had a glass-top sightseeing bus, which was handy in the "city of seven hills."

Our first stop is The Vatican. Whether you are Catholic or not you cannot fail to be impressed by the size and significance of the world capital of Catholicism. There are miles of corridors thru historical and biblical exhibits. Actually it would require at least a month to thoroughly visit each section. We were whisk-



WAITING FOR sightseeing bus outside the Grand Flora Hotel.



SEATED AT one of five tables at Alfredo's are (l. to r.) Gordon, Mrs. Gordon, Leenhouts, visiting travel expert from Holland, Dr. Kaplan and Mrs. Kaplan.

ed thru by Tina, who practically ran all the way!

Next we motored to the largest and best-known cathedral in the world—St. Peter's. Our guide told us the structure was 125 years in completing. You know why after you have seen the breath-taking interior. In size and detail there is nothing quite like it in the world. St. Peter's tomb, of course, is in the center of the church. Our visit was a thrilling experience.

We saw the Spanish Steps, where several scenes for "Roman Holiday" were filmed. We threw coins in the magic foun-



GROUP WALKS past sidewalk cafe on main street of Rome.

tain filmed in "Three Coins in the Fountain." In the afternoon we shopped in the Macelli district of Rome.

Highlight of the day came in the evening. Larry had booked our group for dinner at L'Originale Alfredo's, one of the showplaces of Rome.

Alfredo's is famous—believe it or not—for noodles. Not just any kind of noodles, but Alfredo's secret recipe. They are delicious and you scream for more!

The restaurant itself is very attractive and modern. A trio (violin, guitar, accordion) plays Italian and American music while you chomp merrily away at Alfredo's.



THE GORDONS throw coins in the magic fountain at Rome.

do's noodles. A meal here is an experience. It's a treat that requires from two to three hours. And you'll wonder where the time went.

Upon leaving Alfredo's we had a choice. We could walk, take a taxi, or a one-horse surrey to our hotel. A dozen of us decided to hire surreys to take us to the magic fountain, which is flood-lighted at night. The horse that laboriously pulled us up the hills looked like a fugitive from a glue factory, but we got there.

The fountain seemed to be a favorite rendezvous for Romans and tourists alike. A dozen postcard salesmen were also on hand, as at other attractions.

For a change it looked as tho we might get a fair night's sleep, retiring at an early hour—midnight.

OCTOBER 14—Today being "on our own" until plane time at 7:30 p.m., we decided to sleep in awhile. We had breakfast at 10, then most of the women folk went shopping in downtown Rome. Many agreed this was one of the best shopping cities of the whole tour.

In the afternoon our little group hopped a cab to the beautiful plaza at St. Peter's Cathedral. We'd heard we could take an elevator to the top of the dome. We were partly right. An elevator runs

halfway to the top and you walk the rest of the way. You are still a long way from the summit. We didn't go all the way up, but we did walk around the interior rim of the dome. The centuries-old paintings inside the dome were worth the trip. Words can't describe the magnificent work. You must see it for yourself.

At 5 p.m. everyone gathered in the lobby of the Grand Flora with their baggage, ready to be transported to the airport where we would board Trans-World Airlines Flight 619, a huge Constellation, for Athens.

The plane was about an hour late in arriving from Switzerland, so we lounged in the cocktail room of Ciampino Airport until plane time. Customs formalities were soon over with.

Shortly after 8 p.m. we boarded the airliner which was filled to capacity with our group, Italians and Greeks. We are in the air only a few minutes when the stewardess began serving dinner, a delicious treat of Italian ravioli and beef with all the trimmings.

It is a smooth flight of only 2 hours and 45 minutes, except for our landing. Our ears popped furiously as we dropped (the pilot told us later) at the rate of 1,500 feet per minute on our descent to Athens from our cruising altitude of 13,000 feet. It seems there's a 7,000-foot peak just outside the city and we dropped rapidly after clearing that point.

Athens

Customs formalities at Athens turned out to be more than a formality. Greek Customs was slow and many bags were opened and contents examined. One woman's fur coat was inspected, even to feeling the lining for possible hidden what-have-you.

Our travel agent's representative in Athens had a bus waiting. We arrived at the Acropolis Palace Hotel shortly after 2 a.m. and no one lost any time getting to bed. Our sightseeing tour of Athens would begin on schedule at 9 a.m. tomorrow.

OCTOBER 15—How anyone could be wide awake at 8 a.m. after only 5 hours sleep I'll never know, but everyone was down to the dining room for breakfast on time.



THE PARTHENON on the Acropolis, seen from a street in Athens. The Acropolis is in the center of the city.

The sightseeing bus was waiting outside. It is a German bus with innovations we in the U.S. haven't yet seen. It is complete with refrigerator to hold cold beer and cokes, and luxuriously furnished. Our luggage was stowed in a separate compartment as we were to journey to Delphi after lunch.

We toured the entire city, even stopping to shop for a half-hour in the business section. Athens was anything but what we had imagined. It was really different from Paris and Rome and with a civilization dating back farther than that of Rome.

The trip to the fabulous Parthenon which sits like a crown on the summit of the Acropolis was the most interesting in Athens because of the spectacular view from the top. From this vantage point you see the entire city on all sides. A wonderful sight that we will never forget.

But the Acropolis itself was soul-stirring. Here, still standing in part, is the Parthenon and other structures more than 2300 years old! In other parts of the city we saw ruins from the era before Christ.

We returned to our hotel for lunch of Greek delicacies.

After lunch we began our tour to Delphi, 102 miles north in the dense mountains of Greece. The trip took four hours and was intensely interesting. Here we saw the people of Greece, the peasants,



GROUP PREPARES to hike up the steps to the ruins of the Parthenon.

sheepherders, the vineyards, the villages. We traversed four mountain passes, rising from sea level to our highest point of 3,100 feet. We passed two cities, of perhaps 10,000 population each, both situated precariously on high cliffs, where a wrong step out the back door might lead to an embarrassing drop of about 1,500 feet to the river and canyon below!

We arrived at Delphi at 6 p.m., just as dusk was settling. Here was the best surprise of our tour thus far. Delphi is a city of only 2,000 inhabitants. We drove completely thru the town and at the north end, situated high on a cliff, is our hotel, The Delphi. It is a new hotel with luxurious accommodations, tho only 35 single beds.

In Colorado we'd call the Delphi Hotel a mountain lodge. It was just that. From the glassed-in lounge you look 1,800 feet



ON THE ACROPOLIS the party walks toward the ruins of a pagan temple.

down on the lights along the bay. Ocean liners also make the trip to Delphi on the Ionian Sea from Athens.

We have already mentioned there are but 35 beds. There are only two other couples here to share the facilities with us. After dressing for dinner, we gathered in the comfy atmosphere of a spacious lounge for cocktails.

Dinner was unusual and, we were told, typically Greek. But it was good. The din of everyone talking and laughing in the dining room was actually inspiring. It was easy to see everyone was having a wonderful time.

After dinner we gathered again in the lounge to rehash the many things we had seen and done in the past week. At this point we were genuinely enthused with Greece. Only a few years ago in these same hills Greece was fighting a gun battle against Communism. Bill, our Greek guide, had told us of some of the terrors of these campaigns. Earlier in the day Bill asked all of us what we would request of the Oracle of Pythia if we



CITY OF DELPHI, as seen from the highway. City is laid-out on a steep mountainside.

had the opportunity. Someone said, "Peace for the world."

No one had a better request to offer.

OCTOBER 16—The hotel desk clerk, who was also the bartender and bellhop, phoned at 8 a.m. as we requested. It was cold in our room until we opened the drapes and shutters on our large picture window. It is cloudy but warm outside.

The view from our balcony in daylight is sensational! The hotel is in a Switzerland-like setting. The air is invigorating. Everyone had a good night's rest and we were ready for more sightseeing.

After breakfast our group walked down the road a half mile or so to the picturesque town of Delphi. As we strolled down the hill we found the natives extremely friendly, waving and smiling to us from balconies, bowing their heads as we passed them on the roadway. The little children were especially friendly, and curious.

An oddity about the Greeks that we found nowhere else on our tour is the fact they are a very proud people. They will not accept money for nothing. When we would ask a colorful woman on a burro to pose for a photograph, she did so obligingly, waving aside offers to compensate her for her trouble.

In the village were several small gift shops, filled with Greek handicrafts. We bought a salad knife and spoon set, made



GREEK GUIDE lectures to group at reconstructed ruins of Delphi.

of olivewood and inlaid with wheat straw in a unique and gorgeous design, for little more than \$1. We also purchased two very attractive 8-inch dolls, painstakingly dressed in miniature Greek costume for only 50 cents each.

After our brief shopping we boarded our bus for the tour of the ruins area. Only a short distance from Delphi are the excavated and reconstructed ruins of the original ancient city, dating back to 400 B. C. As we walked through the ruins, our guide—a student of Greek mythology—told us many stories of the people who inhabited the city 2400 years ago.

Delphi, of course, is famous for the Oracle, which (our guide said) was actually volcanic gas escaping from the bowels of



BESIDE ANCIENT temple ruins, party views huge amphitheater.

the earth. It was because of the Oracle that the city was precariously situated on the steep hillside which has been continually destroyed by earthquakes.

We visited the Delphi Museum which contains relics of an era dating back to 4000 B. C.! We had just entered the museum when a downpour of cloudburst proportions began. Accomodatingly, it stopped when we were ready to leave the museum and we saw no more rain this day.

We returned to the hotel for lunch, after which we began the four-hour bus ride back to Athens, thru miles of olive and pistachio nut orchards.

Arriving back in Athens at sundown, we were taken to the Grand Bretagne Hotel where we could wash for dinner. Our treat for this evening is a large, expensive, typically Greek restaurant—Zonar's—where we had a delicious meal of beef shish kabab and some side dishes of Greek food which we couldn't pronounce, let alone spell.

We were to leave for the airport at 9 p.m., departing at 11:55 for Cairo. Our plane was late again, this time four hours in arriving from Rome. Our new depar-



AMPHITHEATER at Delphi ruins on mountainside. Note height of 1,500 feet to bottom of canyon.

ture time was set for the ungodly hour of 4 a.m. TWA, in the very accommodating manner of most airlines, offered to billet us at hotels while waiting. We elected instead to see more of the city, stroll Venizelou avenue, or see a movie.

The Kaplans, Carol and I decided to see a movie, American if possible. At each theater we would inquire as to whether the dialogue was in English. We found, in turn, an Italian movie with Greek subtitles, a German movie likewise, and finally discovered "The Americano," an American movie with Greek subtitles. The theatre seats were most comfortable for sleeping.

Reconvening at the Grand Bretagne, Larry announced we were invited to the TWA lounge for beverages and pastries until plane time. The red carpet was thrown out for us and the efficient manager did everything possible for our comfort.

He brought out a mammoth stack of postcards, urging us to write all of our friends, TWA would pay the air mail postage! Our group went into action. We not only sent a postal card to all of our friends, but also to people whose names were vague over the years, and not excluding the corner grocer, delivery boy and the friendly Fuller Brush man! We used up all of the huge stack of cards and sent the manager scurrying for more. All available TWA employees down to the errand boy were pressed into service stamping the flood of mail.

Two hours later we rested our cramped arms, probably the first case in history of mass writer's fatigue! We're sure the postal service in Athens will experience an overwhelming boom tomorrow!

OCTOBER 17—Our plane finally arrived at 4:45 a.m.. We boarded the Constellation and were in the air at 5. The plane was so completely filled that your editor was invited (with no choice) to occupy the crew compartment behind the

cockpit. This proved to be a thrilling experience. The navigator's instruments were before me and on the altimeter I watched the ship climb to our flight altitude of 17,500 feet.

The lights of Athens faded below and all was darkness. We were over the Mediterranean Ocean and due to arrive in Cairo at 8 a.m. It was only a few minutes after takeoff that dawn came.

We dozed lightly and shortly after 7 a.m. awakened in time to see the coastline of North Africa. The plane slowly began to lose altitude on the descent toward Cairo. We could see nothing but reddish-white sand and a few small villages until we came to the Nile Valley. This was green and cultivated, an oasis in the desert.

Cairo



Our plane landed at exactly 8 a.m. and our sleepy group was rushed thru Customs before boarding the bus which took us to the Semaramis Hotel in Cairo.

The airport at Cairo is none other than the former Payne Field, built by Americans in 1942. Nearby is Camp Huckstep, a former U. S. Army Hospital which was constructed at the same time as the airfield.

Salvo Amar, the local travel agent who met our plane, told me about the field. It was a former Air Transport Command and fighter plane base during the African campaign. As an access road into Cairo, the Americans also built a highway which Salvo says was the first banked roadway in Egypt. All of these installations and the road were turned over to the Egyptian government at the war's end. Some barracks at Payne Field were rebuilt for



TOWER AND TERMINAL building at Cairo, formerly a U.S. air base during the war.

Pilgrimage to India

transient accommodations after the war, others were destroyed. Camp Huckstep is now an Egyptian military installation. Many CBI men and women, flying home from India, stopped over at Payne Field enroute. At least two of our group were here before.

Due to lack of sleep, our sightseeing tour of Cairo was postponed until 3:30 p.m. We had a light breakfast at the hotel before going to bed.



LEAVING THE Egyptian Museum in Cairo are members of the group, accompanied by Arab guides.

We arose at 2, dressed and went downstairs for lunch. Afterward we inspected ex-King Farouk's confiscated yacht which was anchored on the Nile River, just across the street, and now part of the Semaramis Hotel.

A tense atmosphere hangs over the city, due to Egypt's recent incidents with Israel. The population appears convinced that war is inevitable. Soldiers are everywhere, and many policemen are armed with rifles and sub-machine guns. The revolution in Egypt is rather recent and we are told the government is none too secure as yet.

Our tour of the city will be made in five limousines. The guide is a tall, husky Egyptian who answers to the name of Fergani. He wears a white turban and a dress-like robe.

Under his direction we visited the Citadel, several mosques, The Necropolis—



AT ALABASTER Sphinx, in an oasis near Cairo, but miles from the pyramids.



OUR EGYPTIAN guide, "Fergani," poses with Mrs. Kaplan (left) and Mrs. Gordon. Betty Dickey is strolling in background.

city of the dead, and to a native bazaar where we shopped for souvenirs. Up to this point Cairo is much like India—filthy, narrow streets in the native quarters, colorful bazaars, hundreds of beggars.

We returned to our hotel for dinner and many retired immediately afterward, having had so little sleep the past 24 hours.

OCTOBER 18—At 9 a.m. the same five limousines were lined up in front of the hotel. We started off to see the Alabaster Sphinx, driving wildly down a long, narrow street, heavily crowded with Arab and Egyptian pedestrians, camels, goats, buffalo, cows and what-have-you. Our driver led the other four cars and — breezing along at about 35 miles per hour — we don't believe he let up on the horn once during the whole 14 miles, people and animals often having to leap for their lives.

Egypt smells almost as bad as some parts of India. We were being "acclimated" for what was to come later.

We saw the Alabaster Sphinx and several underground tombs, including the fantastic tomb of the sacred bulls. Through a wide underground corridor, dating back to 2,000 B.C., we saw the huge polished granite tombs of 24 bulls.

Afterward we drove into the desert to an old excavation which was located at

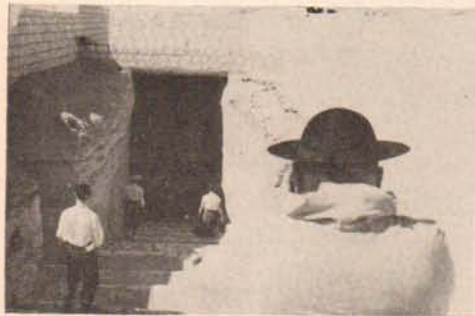
the foot of a slight hill. Our cars were parked at the top. The guide explained from here we would take either a burro or a horsecart to the tomb entrance, that the service was included in the tour, but it is customary to tip the burro or cart owners a few piastres at the completion of the round trip. He cautioned, however, that each owner would walk alongside and give us a "pitch" for baksheesh, but that we should ignore the requests until termination of his services.

Yours truly rode a burro, with my feet almost touching the ground. My Arab was an actor, second to no one! No sooner had he gotten the burro in motion when he began. He has a bad heart condition and could not walk down the hill. Would I kindly give him his baksheesh now so he could sit down and rest, and would I please leave his ass at the tomb entrance? At first his plea was ignored, but after listening to his whining for a few minutes I decided perhaps his demand was not too unreasonable. So I gave him two piastres and told him to sit down and rest, I would leave his burro at the tomb entrance. Instead he followed me all the way to the tomb, complaining that he needed more money so he could visit a doctor!

Leaving the tomb, my boy was Johnny-on-the-spot with the burro. He has rested now, he tells me, and might be able to make it back up the hill. No sooner had I mounted the shaggy animal when he began all over again. His heart was bad and he felt a new attack coming on. If he dropped dead I was to summon the nearby policeman who would deliver his corpse to his widow. The money in his pocket would be all she'd have. Would I kindly give him a few more piastres so she would have a little more?

I walked away from him and you could hear his shrieks all the way back to Cairo! Others had similar experiences.

Leaving the tomb we motored to the



ENTRANCE TO the Tomb of the Sacred Bulls on the desert near Cairo.



GROUP ASSEMBLES at Tomb Entrance.

Mena House Hotel, just a few hundred yards from the great pyramids, for lunch. The meal was excellent—quail and rice with all the (Egyptian) trimmings.

After lunch we were given the choice



THE GREAT PYRAMIDS, seen across the Nile River from the highway, about ten miles away.

of an uphill ride on camels, horses or horsecarts to the pyramids. Nearly everyone chose the unique experience of riding a camel. It was hilarious, to say the least.

We will not dwell on the pyramids and Sphinx except to note that they are well worth seeing. You may be rather surprised at the mammoth size of the largest pyramid (446 ft. high) just as you may be surprised to find the Sphinx is less than 1/15th as large.

Some of our party had planned a boat ride on the Nile, but the water in the wide river is too rough today so we returned to our hotel in Cairo instead.

Many went shopping, some are lounging in the large lobby of the hotel.

After dinner, 20 of us elected to attend an Egyptian night club with our Cairo guide. We assembled in the lobby at 10 p.m. and were transported by taxi to the "Sheherazade." The name was more exotic than the floor show. One hour of Egyptian music and fat, sloppy belly-dancers was enough. We needed the sleep worse!

OCTOBER 19—Today we are on our own. Nearly everyone took the opportunity to visit the nearby Egyptian Museum. No visit to Egypt is complete until you have spent some time here. Like our own



ONE OF MANY thrills on the tour was riding camels to the pyramids.

Smithsonian Institution, it would require days to see all of the exhibits. We caught a fleeting glance at most of them—mummies, jewels, golden caskets, and a vast assortment of 5,000-year-old objects.



HAZEL DEAN inspects a 3,000-year-old mummy in the Egyptian Museum.

After lunch we spent more time shopping in the bazaars. A large collection of familiar imports from India are on sale in most of the shops at prices higher than in the U.S., despite the vast difference in shipping distance. The Zari-embroidered ladies evening bags sell here at fixed prices of 550 piastres, or \$16.50 each.

Our TWA Constellation for India was scheduled to depart at 3:30 a.m. tomorrow. Instead it will leave at 8:45 a.m., affording us a good night's rest.

Cairo has been most interesting, but now we are eagerly looking forward to reaching Bombay tomorrow evening.

OCTOBER 20—Our plane did not take off until 10 a.m., which didn't really matter to us since we are wide awake now. By coincidence, we had the same plane and crew as on the Athens-Cairo flight a few days ago. Our pilot announced the flight to Bombay would take 10 hours, 10 minutes, non-stop, at an altitude of 15,500 feet.

Our air route was interesting. We passed over the Suez Canal, the borders of Israel, Jordan and Saudi Arabia. For

hours we flew over hundreds of miles of Saudi Arabian desert, white, red and black sand below, barren wasteland, occasionally spotted with low hills. Not a living soul for miles.

We passed over Dhahran, on the Persian Gulf, an occasional stop for this flight when load and weather conditions make necessary refueling before the hop over the Arabian Sea to Bombay.

Aboard our TWA Constellation are a dozen Indians, women in saris, men in western dress. At mealtime the stewardess had to bring special food to some of them, since their religions dictate the type and quality of food they may eat.

We are due in Bombay about midnight, Indian time. We are all very excited. The hours pass so swiftly we can scarcely believe we will have come 3,000 miles from Cairo to Bombay.

At 11:30 the lights of Bombay were visible in the distance. We have reached our first city in India! After landing at Santa Cruz airport, we could not leave the plane until an Indian thoroughly sprayed the interior with disinfectant. It was a long five-minute wait until the door was opened again. They were taking no chances of our bringing germs into India! Fantastic, in theory alone!

Leaving the plane, the air was heavy with humidity. But something was missing. Where was the awful stench that we had come to associate with India in the past? We found the answer later. The airport is miles from the city, near the fresh ocean breeze.

While going through Customs formalities, I had an interesting chat with Customs Officer D. R. O'Lyma, who told me Santa Cruz municipal airfield is one and the same as used by Americans and British during the war. Some of the barracks have been removed, others now used to house Indian soldiers. Moreover, O'Lyma was with British Customs at Bombay Port during the war and boarded all incoming ships. He asked which ship brought me to Bombay, and when? Told it was the U.S.S. General Butner on May 25, 1944, he said, "I remember. You docked at Alexandria Docks, Pier 14!" He was right. Woodward, Kaplan, and Brown told him the names of their ships. He remembered them all!

IN NEXT ISSUE
18 Days in India!

Too Late For Tour

● I have just heard about the tour to India which Ex-CBI Roundup is sponsoring. For several years I have been planning such a trip and I understand the total cost of your tour is around \$2200, which is considerably less than other quotations I've received. Please send me full information.

RAYMOND A. HELBIG,
Newark, N.J.

You're a little late, since we have already returned. We are, however, planning another tour for 1956 which will be announced soon.—Ed.

305th Service Group

● Was with the 305th Air Service Group at Ondal, India, from Dec. 1943 to July 1944, and with ATC at Jorhat until Oct. 1945. I don't suppose you visited these out-of-the-way bases while on your tour of India. Have often wondered what has become of them.

HAROLD J. PARMA,
Jacksonville, Fla.

Jorhat is a civil airport now. We have no information on Ondal except that it is not being used as an air-drome.—Ed.



WIDE VARIETY of nuts and vegetables is offered by this merchant in the bazaar at Chakulia, India.



ANN SHERIDAN and Ben Blue entertaining a crowd of delighted GI's at Yangkai, China.

Plane Destroyer

● The article, "Planes For A Dollar" in the November issue was of interest to me. I was one of the many GI's who worked like beavers to destroy the P-38's, P-40's, P-47's and several types of bombers at Panagarh in late 1945. I recall at the time there was talk of either flying the C-46's and C-47's back to the States, or selling them to the British. Naturally a lot of us were in favor of flying them back to the United States, as we figured a good many of us could get

home more quickly than by ship. But most of the cargo planes remained at Panagarh and when I left there in December 1945 there were hundreds of them on the parking strip. Those "Calcutta businessmen" who bought the planes and then sold them back to the Americans must have gotten quite rich on the deal.

LAWRENCE SCHAYER,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Cairo's Airport

● Enroute home from CBI we landed at the American air base, Payne Field, at Cairo. Since you were at Cairo on the "Pilgrimage to India," I was wondering if you learned if this big airfield is still being used?

BEN W. GROSSMAN,
Passaic, N.J.

It is the civil airport now. We landed there and a few words concerning it appears in our story in this issue.—Ed.

Expensive Saris

● My wife enjoyed the article on the Indian Sari in the October issue and tried to buy some material here. It is priced out of reach of common folks like us. I hope Roundup's Bazaar of India will have some at reasonable prices.

CHESTER TURZANSKI,
Bronx, New York

THE FIRST AND THE LAST

By Boyd Sinclair

THE CONTRAST of the first and last bombardment missions against the enemy in World War II was seen by a CBI wallah who flew in both.

Those two experiences, with flying combat he had between, have left deep impressions upon Brigadier General Cecil E. Combs, a native of Dallas, Texas, who served with the 7th Bomb Group and the 10th Air Force.

Today, Combs is deputy commander of the Crew Training Air Force, with Headquarters at Randolph Air Force Base, near San Antonio. He assists supervision of combat crew training at nine bases from Georgia to Nevada.

The general was graduated from a Dallas high school in 1929 and went to the University of Chicago that year on a scholarship. He joined Company G, 144th Infantry, Texas National Guard, the same year he was graduated from high school.

He was selected for West Point by the National Guard as a result of competitive examinations in the spring of 1932 and entered West Point in July of that year, graduating in June 1936.

Combs was stationed in the Philippines at the outbreak of the war, a member of the 19th Bombardment Group, which was stationed at Clark Field.

On Wednesday night before the Jap attack on December 7, 1941, Major Rosey O'Donnell (now a lieutenant general), commanding the 14th Squadron, and Combs, commanding the 93rd Squadron, took their outfits to Del Monte, a field in Mindanao, the big south island of the Philippines Archipelago. Combs and O'Donnell together had 16 B-17's, about half the available Flying Fortresses in the Philippines.

As Combs recalls it, he and O'Donnell received word from the radio shack on Sunday morning, December 8th, that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. Communications with Clark Field, more than 500 miles away, were poor, and it was a long time before they could get verification.



Brig. Gen. Cecil E. Combs

Most of the day they waited for instructions.

Later that day, Clark Field was hit, and one of Combs' B-17s, going up to have a fuel tank replaced, arrived just as the Japs did. The plane was shot up and one of the crew was wounded, but the pilot brought it back to the Del Monte base. When this plane arrived, Combs and the others really knew they were in a war.

During the day, they sent two B-18s on patrol over Mindanao, and found everything serene. That night, they received orders to get into action next day.

Next morning at 7:30, Combs and his 93rd Squadron took off to hunt a Japanese raider reported 125 miles off Legaspi, on the northeast coast of Luzon. Combs led six planes, each loaded with 20 100-pound demolition bombs. For nearly the whole day, they criss-crossed the skies over the Catanduanes Islands, but they saw nothing to attack.

"This was a wild goose chase," Combs recalls, "during the course of which I received instructions to put into Clark Field."

Combs and his B-17s arrived at Clark late in the afternoon, and it was past sunset of that second day of the war when the fifth of Combs' planes landed.

Meanwhile, O'Donnell, with eight planes, who had been on a different mission without contacting the enemy, was coming in through the twilight. For some reason, Clark Field decided not to let O'Donnell land there, the Clark tower ordering his squadron to San Marcelino,

a base near Clark. O'Donnell actually had his flaps down when he got this order to go to a place where there was neither food, quarters, nor facilities for the planes.

Combs, still circling the field overhead, decided to fly over with O'Donnell and his pilots and observe their landing, as no B-17s had ever settled on the ground there before.

From Combs' altitude, San Marcelino looked like a narrow well between the mountains, with darkness rapidly spilling into it. He saw O'Donnell's planes circle, spread out, and drop into the blackness, their landing lights blinking out as the planes settled into tall, rough grass. Then suddenly he saw them emerge at the far end of the field, with a column of dust trailing at that point. As the first planes went in, he saw the red trace of machine-gun fire from the periphery of the field. Their own troops had fired on them because they had not been warned. But all the planes got down safely.

Having seen the 14th Squadron safely landed, Combs flew back across the mountains to Clark. It was now pitch dark below. When the command at Clark refused to turn on any lights for him because of fear of another enemy raid, Combs was thankful that he was familiar with the field. He made a sight on Mount Arayat, turned on his landing lights and made it safely. It was a tricky maneuver, with craters all over the place from the Japanese attack of Pearl Harbor day.

It was a strange world Combs found down there on the ground, a world with which he was unfamiliar. It took him more than half an hour to get to his parking place because he found B-17s scattered widely around the field. Men moved with hooded flashlights around them, causing occasional vague illuminations of the big silver fuselages and wings. They poured in gasoline and armed the big planes with bombs and bullets. The field lay quiet as the grave, with death, fear, and war reigning over it. Combs glanced up at the great peak of Arayat, still catching some of the light of departed day. It seemed the only thing unchanged in a changed world.

Combs' planes were armed with bombs during the night. He did not know it then, but he was to strike the enemy next day in the first bombardment mission of the war. He had only five B-17s in this first mission. He would have had six, but one was taken for a photo reconnaissance of Formosa only a half hour before take-off time at 6 in the morning.

The mission looked all right to Combs in the cool, black hour before the dawn of that third day of the war. But it would have seemed pitifully small three and a half years later at the end. Each of Combs' planes had 20 100-pound demolition bombs,

a light load indeed to attack Jap transports.

After the take-off, Combs took his squadron up the middle of Luzon, and then turned due west, coming over the target from the land at 12,000 feet. It was a Jap landing force off Vigan. The weather was good, and they saw ships under them in a line off the beach. Some of them were moving out to sea, as if they had unloaded their cargoes and troops. Still farther from shore were two or three cruisers. Their decks looked livid with fire from anti-aircraft guns which were sending up flak. The airmen saw some of the transports begin leaving white wakes as they started to squirm from under them.

They roared over the fleet, dropped their bombs, then wheeled around over the sea, and flew well on inland before turning south for Clark Field.

An officially sponsored account of this first mission against the enemy says the men who participated in it made some hits and they thought they left one transport sinking.

"Without cameras," says Combs, "it was hard to tell for sure whether we had done much good or not."

At the end of three hours, Combs was back at Clark screaming for more bombs; but Clark Field personnel were afraid of another raid, so they ordered him to head for any place that was safe to land. The Clark Field command probably had a right to be nervous, as the field was defenseless, it had no warning system, and the danger of getting shot up on the ground was great indeed. When Combs got into the air, only one of the other pilots, Lieutenant Ford, managed to form on him.

"It is hard to describe the complete confusion that existed," Combs recalls. "As I was flying back toward Del Monte, expecting to land there, I received a radio message to use caution — that Del Monte might be in enemy hands. I couldn't risk the long flight down there to go somewhere else."

Combs racked his brain for a suitable place to get the B-17s on the ground and remembered a field in Mindoro, just south of Luzon, that he might use. When he arrived, to his dismay, he found it covered with 50-gallon drums, placed there as obstacles against a feared enemy landing.

Combs conceived the idea of dropping a note to a sugar mill to which the field belonged. It worked. Soon Combs saw workmen running out to clear the drums away. They soon had the job done, and Combs and Ford landed safely on the short sod runway.

Mr. Obregat, manager of the sugar mill, knew Combs from a previous tour of the



BRIGADIER GENERAL Cecil E. Combs, former CBI wallah, now deputy commander of Crew Training Air Force, Randolph AFB, Texas, shown climbing into a T-33 Jet Trainer. Air Force photo.

Philippines in 1938-40. He gave the airmen something to drink, a good meal, and good beds — the last time they were to have these for weeks.

That was how the first bombardment mission against the enemy in World War II ended.

COMBS LATER operated from Australia, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and other islands of the Netherlands East Indies, as well as back in the Philippines. Then, when the fall of Java was imminent, he was ordered to India to aid in a long, slow air buildup in the Far East.

"As I look back on it," says Combs, "the first few months of the war accomplished nothing very significant, but to those of us who were involved, it was very definitely an experience of losing the war. We were defeated on all turns. About all we accomplished was to keep on fighting back, doing the best we could with the few tools we had. When Java fell, we had about shot our wad, but up till the end we took the planes that would fly and flew them against the enemy—and that's about the size of it.

"My own tactical doctrine was to hit them high, fast, and once—and to that doctrine I attribute our ability to stay in action as long as we did. What really finished us was our inability to protect the planes on the ground. After the Japs

got fighters based at Bali, we had no protection against them except to keep our bombers in the air. The result was inevitable.

"Our campaign was valuable as a lesson in preparedness and in the absence of the initiative. If you are going to let the other fellow hit you first, he is going to hit you in such a fashion as to disrupt you the most, and if he succeeds, then you have to hit the comeback trail a long time to regain the initiative. It is good for us to learn and to remember the experience of losing a campaign, so that it may not happen again."

The war moved on, and just before it ended, Combs was in Washington trying to get transferred to the Marianas Islands, from which the B-29 raids on Japan were being flown. Before the Japs surrendered, he managed to get ordered there, but the war was practically over when he arrived on Saipan.

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Combs was attached to the 73rd Wing, commanded by his old comrade Rosey O'Donnell. He was attached to the wing for theater indoctrination, and it was in that capacity that he went along with one of O'Donnell's crews on the last mission of the war.

Approximately 800 B-29s participated in that mission. It was a show of force, pure and simple, and was somewhat of a picnic for the participating airmen. They carried no bombs, but did have ammunition for the guns.

Many of the crews had been in the Marianas only a short time, but they had completed 25 to 50 missions each, mostly at night. The last mission also included older crews which had been in on early forays against Japan when fighter opposition was tough.

The 800 planes made landfall on the Japan coast north of Tokyo and flew over what was left of the Japanese capital at 500 feet. It was the first glimpse any of the crews had had of the terrible devastation they had achieved. For most of them, all they had seen of Japan was the glow of a burning city under them in the darkness. Tokyo was a deserted waste of ashes for what seemed miles and miles of flight. Except for the Imperial Palace and some of the major buildings nearby, there was very little left. Tokyo was a dead city.

"As I remember," Combs recalls, "the mission took about 15 hours. No shots were fired. We all flew over the *Missouri* in the bay. I felt sure, now that the shooting was over, there would be considerable wrangling as to who won the war. For me, there was no argument. I knew what we had done to Japan, and I knew that no nation could survive such destruction. It was a sobering sight, a lot more impressive than the photographs of bomb damage that we had all studied so carefully."

Combs feels that the lessons to be read from the early days of the war are still tragically applicable to the situation our country is in today.

"It is not that we aren't better prepared than we were then," he says. "It is simply that whenever a nation starts a war, even if it can retain the initiative for only a short time, it will be able to make a terrific dislocation felt. That initial dislocation in a future war might give all the appearances of being catastrophic."

Combs thinks we must be mentally and spiritually prepared to endure such possible initial setbacks if we are going to be able to fight back and win.

"Any thinking person," he says, "must realize that war, with the kind of weapons now available, surely will be disastrous for the loser, and only slightly less so for the victor. Somehow this realization has never sufficed to prevent war in the past.

It would be too much to count on it in the future. Certainly, one must prepare for the worst."

One of the major purposes of strategic bombing in the last war was to overcome the enemy's will to resist by destroying his means of fighting. Combs says that, toward the end of the war, our attacks on Japan were more directly aimed at the enemy's will itself.

"I believe that we succeeded," he says. "A nation can only stand so much. Most of modern civilization is built around cities, and cities are extremely vulnerable, not only to hydrogen bombs, but also to fear and panic.

"These become the real enemies," he continued. "We may have to overcome them to gain the time during which we can impose on the enemy a more unbearable strain.

"For these reasons, I often hark back to the experiences of defeat and humiliation that were so great in the early days of the war, and the more I look back on it, the more I think it is significant that we did keep on fighting, however ineffectively, in the face of an almost unbroken series of enemy victories.

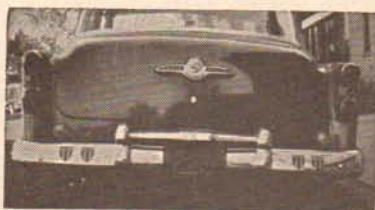
"The contrast between the first and last missions of the war is an extremely significant one, particularly since most of our fighting men and the nation at large have retained only the memory of winning, and there were only a few who had the experience of defeat," Combs concluded.

—THE END

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MY THANKSGIVING DAY IN CHINA

By Tom Harmon

THANKSGIVING time seems to call for football talk and thoughts of turkey and trimmings, but my strongest memory of the season — and its meaning — has nothing to do with either of them. Everything else takes a back seat to a delayed Thanksgiving I had in China, 12 years ago.

With a great gang of guys under General Claire Chennault, I was a pilot in the 449th Fighter Squadron, stationed at a forward base trying against long odds to hold back the Japanese on a now more or less forgotten battlefield.

On October 30, 1943, while the team was on a mission up the Yangtze River to knock out a smelter mill, I was shot down. The last I saw of them — or they of me — my P-38 was flaming down from 4,300 feet and I was dangling in a parachute "playing dead" to fool an enemy plane that was taking pot shots to finish me off.

I must have looked like a goner. But I landed in a lake and hid under my parachute until friendly Chinese guerrillas turned up and somehow got me back to our lines 19 days later. I spent most of that time wondering about the others and about my family, and trying to heal the burns on my face, ears, wrists and legs with cold tea. Finally, after 32 days, I was flown back to rejoin my squadron.

I looked forward to a lot of kidding. There is a close feeling of comradeship between men who fly together day after day and who often don't come back. They rib each other constantly but would fight any outsider who tried it.

But when my transport plane put down on the squadron landing strip, I sensed something wrong. Instead of a bunch of wisecracking pilots, there was Father Joe Cosgrove, our chaplain, the two squadron surgeons and one of the guys.

"Is this the welcome?" I yelled. "Where's the CO?" Father Cosgrove shook hands quietly. "Tom," he said slowly, "we got the smelter mill and six enemy planes. But they got three others besides yours. The CO was in one of them."

THE AUTHOR: Football's Tom Harmon, onetime All-American halfback at the University of Michigan, now sports director of station KNX in Los Angeles and football commentator of West Coast games. This story first appeared in "Parade" Magazine, reprinted in Ex-CBI Roundup by permission.

Going inside, I saw something I can still see. As in all fighter squadrons, when a flier didn't return from a mission his personal belongings were put together and sent to his family. Clothing and equipment went to whoever in the squadron who could use it. And being gone 32 days is enough to make even your most hopeful friends wonder if you'll be back.

After the handshakes, each guy would slip back to my room. One brought back my pants, another my boots and so forth. They did it silently, without embarrassment.

I came back to the living that night, when the new commanding officer — a colonel instead of my dead captain — threw a delayed Thanksgiving Day party for me, with a welcoming speech, the fixings and chocolate cake. It was one of the happiest homecomings I have ever known.

But the incident that I will forever remember is the Mass that Father Joe Cosgrove said for me the following morning. It was the Catholic Mass of Thanksgiving, and although there were then only about 10 Catholics in the squadron (including me), the entire 449th was there. It was a simple ceremony, far from home, with a guy named Harmon crying hard.

Time has somehow made me loose track of a great many of the boys of the 449th. A great many of our gang, as of other gangs, didn't return from the war. I was lucky.

I have, through football, received many awards that I highly prize. But for a deep feeling of "being wanted," that Thanksgiving Mass in China can never be topped.

—THE END

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BOOK REVIEWS



CRADLE OF CONQUERORS: SIBERIA. By Erwin C. Lessner. 774 pages. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, 1955. \$7.50.

The whole story of Siberia from every point of view—beginning with the Siberia of prehistoric times and ending with the present day. It particularly emphasizes the people and fantastic creeds and superstitions.

HIGH ADVENTURE. By Edmund Hillary. 256 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1955. \$4.50.

The author records his experiences in mountain climbing from his school days in New Zealand to his triumphant ascent of Everest in 1953. A book by Tensing Norgay, who went to the top with Hillary, already has appeared.

"YOU'LL DIE IN SINGAPORE!" By Charles McCormac. 192 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1955. \$3.50.

Seventeen men escape from a Jap prison, and only two complete the 2,000-mile journey by land and sea from Singapore to Australia. It's a true story by one of the two survivors.

COOKING THE CHINESE WAY. By Kenneth Lo. 154 pages. Arco Publishing Company, New York, 1955. \$2.50.

CBI-wallahs seem to like books about Chinese cooking. We've turned up another one for you, this one by the founder of a fine Chinese restaurant in London. He gives you his favorite recipes.

JAVA EDGE. By Joseph E. Newton. 205 pages. Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston, 1955. \$3.00.

Two American detectives in the Far East take on the dangerous job of breaking up a big smuggling ring connected with the Chinese Communists. An action novel.

DOCTOR AT DIENBIENPHU. By Paul Grauwil. 304 pages. The John Day Company, New York, 1955. \$4.00.

The author is a major in the Medical Corps of the French Army. He was chief surgeon at the 57-day nightmare siege that ended the war in Indo-China. He tells a story of heroism in which no one was a hero because all were heroes.

EVEREST. By Micheline Morin. 205 pages. The John Day Company, New York, 1955. \$3.50.

Accounts of the expeditions to climb Mount Everest, from man's first interest in the mountain and the expedition of 1921 to the conquering ascent in 1953.

HORNED MOON. By Ian Melville Stephens. 288 pages. Indiana University Press, Bloomington, 1955. \$5.00.

An account of a journey through Pakistan, Kashmir, and Afghanistan by the former editor of *The Statesman*, the British-owned newspaper published in Calcutta and New Delhi.

MANDARIN RED. By James Cameron. 341 pages. Rinehart and Company, New York, 1955. \$3.50.

Personal experiences of a correspondent of the *London News-Chronicle*, who traveled in China during the last months of 1954. He made his observations over a period of two months.

HELLCATS OF THE SEA. By Charles Lockwood and Hans Adamson. 348 pages. Greenberg: Publisher, New York, 1955. 348 pages. \$5.00.

How a task force of U. S. subs, in a plan by Admiral Lockwood, penetrated the heavily-mined Sea of Japan in 1945, using sonar, and dealt a death-blow to Japanese shipping. Co-author is a retired Air Force colonel.

THE FLAME OF THE FOREST. By Sudhin N. Ghose. 288 pages. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1955. \$3.75.

An autobiographical novel covering the author's experiences in Calcutta, where, fresh from university training, he is looking for a job. A sequel to *The Vermilion Boat*.

A CONCISE ENGLISH-CHINESE DICTIONARY. By Shau Wing-chan. 433 pages. Stanford University Press, Stanford, California, 1955. \$6.50.

The dictionary has romanized standard pronunciation. A second edition, it contains additional English key-word entries. The Wade-Giles System is used as a suggestion for pronunciation of romanized Chinese.

THE PHILIPPINE ANSWER TO COMMUNISM. By Alvin H. Scaff. 174 pages. Stanford University Press, Stanford, California, 1955. \$4.00.

The story of how the Huks (Philippine Communists) were repelled after nearly gaining control of the country between 1948 and 1951. Thirty-two pages of illustrations.

Crowded Calcutta

● Recently I received a letter from an old friend, Nath Mukerjee of Calcutta. He says the city is becoming so crowded with refugees from Pakistan that there are twice as many homeless people as there are with homes of any kind. The city government, he says, is concerned to the extent that there will ultimately be a food shortage in Calcutta, and, of course, there are not nearly enough jobs to go around. Mukerjee says the city will eventually deport great numbers of these refugees to other communities farther inland where they are not so crowded.

CECIL W. BROWN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Old Rupees Still Good

● On page 31 of the November issue appears a letter from Bill Parrish in which which he enclosed a Rs. 5 note, urging the editor to use it to buy a drink at the Great Eastern Hotel in Calcutta. Your footnote in-

dicated the British notes are no longer honored. I'm sure this is incorrect as I sent several old rupee notes to a friend in Bangalore and he says they are good as ever.

HARRY ACKERMAN,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We were wrong. Our Rs. 5 note was accepted at the money exchange booth at Bombay.—Ed.

Tour In Cambodia

● Am on a two-year tour in Cambodia with the International Cooperation Administration as Chief Engineer of Public Works. Have 220 km. of new highway to build through rice paddy, mountains and jungle from Pnom Penh to Kompong Som on the Gulf of Siam. It is not as tough as the Ledo Road, but a close relative. The former mayor of Lekhapani is doing this tour like an Assam tea planter. Have my family with me and live in a good house with plenty of help. Am a pukka sahib!

Col. SULTAN COHEN
Pnom Penh, Cambodia

'Amazing' Pigeon Unit

● Served 21 months with the 280th Signal Pigeon Co. at Ramgarh and Assam. We were 68 days on the water enroute to India. On board the ship was all equipment for a pigeon unit, including breeding lofts, combat portable lofts and approximately 4400 army homing pigeons. When we left Wilmington, Calif., in 1944 the reporters and photographers called our outfit the "amazing unit." I recently returned from Korea where I was sent to take over the only pigeon unit overseas.

JOHN O. FERTIG,
Shamokin, Pa.

'China Under Communism'

● If you'd like to know what has become of the common Chinese peasant since the Communists took over in 1949, a good book is "China Under Communism," by Richard L. Walker. A brief review of this appeared in the Sept. issue of Roundup. Anyone who served in China will find interest in this well-written book.

ARDEN I. BERG,
Charlotte, N.C.

236th Combat Engineers

● Enclosed rupees for another year's supply of memories and proof of our days in the far away land. There are many good magazines which come to our home, but Roundup is the only one I always read from cover to cover. My bit in CBI was with the 236th Combat Engineers, which did their share of combat and building bridges, helping build and maintain the famous Ledo Road. Too bad the wrong side is planning to reopen the Road. Supplies going the wrong way over that supply line smells like future trouble.

ALBERT C. CONLEY,
Canton, N. C.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE

To send a gift subscription to that CBI buddy! We'll notify all recipients immediately!



THOSE WHO have never visited India might get the idea from this picture of a Chakulia farmer and wife that Indians are immaculately clean. But those who have been there know these are a rare exception, rather than the rule.

CBI DATELINE

News dispatches from recent issues of the
Calcutta Statesman and China News Analysis

PESHAWAR—Beggars rounded up from Peshawar streets and lodged in the newly opened Poor House are showing scant gratitude to their benefactors. One of the inmates told a journalist that the government's compassion had been misplaced in his case. He was not poor; he owned a house and 30 acres of arable land. He had taken to this profession, a family one, because "no one in my family has ever worked." Another inmate said, "They cannot keep me here. I drink six cups of tea, smoke three packets of cigarettes and take a half tola of opium daily."

BOMBAY—Fifteen persons were killed and over 266 injured — 56 with bullet wounds — on Nov. 22 in a strike and riot which started over the issue of administrative reorganization in Western India.

NEW DELHI—India's first welcome to the Soviet leaders (Bulganin and Krushchev) on their arrival in New Delhi Nov. 18 surpassed both in manner and volume the public enthusiasm shown for any foreign visitor in the Union Capital's history.

SRINAGAR — A touring party of 25 Americans have arrived here (Oct. 24) from New Delhi. They are war veterans who served in India during World War II and will spend nearly three weeks here while on a tour of the world. They have already visited Bombay and New Delhi and will continue on to Jaipur, Agra, Banaras and Calcutta.

SHILLONG—A mile-long tunnel, the longest in Asia, at an altitude of 7,500 feet is now under construction to connect the Kashmir Valley with Jammu Province. The two-way auto tunnel will be ready by winter 1956 and will connect Kashmir by road with India.

NEW DELHI — India and China may each nominate a representative to review and settle a minor question of border adjustment along a strip of the Indo-Tibetan frontier. Some confusion arose about a small area near Hoti, though the demarcation of the frontier in general terms has never given any cause for uncertainty.

DACCA — Two American highway equipment specialists have arrived here. A number of American highway techni-

cians are now serving in East Pakistan. Four more are expected by the end of this year (1955).

JORHAT—A man was gored to death at Kaliani village by a stray rhino. The man was in a crowd trying to chase the rhino away when the latter attacked him.

NEW DELHI—Progress is being made to link New Delhi with Moscow by air via Kabul. No formal air agreement will be necessary. Russian air services will link with Indian Airlines services to Kabul. Thus neither will be required to fly over each other's territory.

NEW DELHI—Two Russian associations have donated Rs. 1 lakh to the Prime Minister's National Relief Fund for the people affected by the recent floods in the Punjab and Delhi.

MADRAS—Hand-drawn and cycle rickshaws will soon become a thing of the past in this city. The State Government has decided not to renew licenses for rickshaw pullers and cycle rickshaws.

DARJEELING — The elder brother of Tibet's Dalai Lama, now settled in Darjeeling, said that the chances of the Dalai Lama visiting India next year in connection with the 2,500th birthday celebrations of Lord Buddha, depended on the discretion of the Peking Government.

NEW DELHI—The capital's dream of a natural history park was nearer realization when Major A. N. Weinman, director of the Zoological Gardens of Dehiwala, Ceylon, completed his 35-page plan for the proposed zoo in New Delhi.

NEW DELHI—Tourist traffic between the Soviet Union and India in the future will be unrestricted as result of an agreement signed recently in New Delhi. Until now tourists visited the Soviet Union on government invitation only.

NEW DELHI—The American Red Cross has allocated \$50,000 for medical supplies in response to an international appeal for assistance to the victims of floods in India.

AMBALA — Heavy rain for over 36 hours without a break in the Punjab region has resulted in a number of house collapses in which 21 persons are believed to have been killed.

NEW DELHI—India's trade with Russia and China has been gradually expanding since the beginning of 1954. India imported goods worth Rs. 1.3 crores from Russia in 1954.



Commander's Message

by
Robert E. Nesmith
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams, Sahibs and Memsahibs:

As this goes to press the lucky wallahs who had both the time and rupees to make the "Pilgrimage to India" will have returned and I'm sure we will begin to read stories that will bring back many memories.

George Wing Shee, a colorful Chinese member of the Houston Basha who joined General Chennault's Flying Tigers in the early part of the war with Japan, has offered two prized Japanese swords to the member of the local Basha who secures the most new members before Reunion time. Manly Keith, the Houston Basha Commander, immediately turned up with four, which I understand gives him a very slight lead over a couple more. Looks like that old incentive trick gets the job well done.

Therefore, I personally will give \$50.00 to the Basha having the largest attendance at the 1956 Houston Reunion. The Houston Basha, being the host, will be excluded. So jack up your members and be on hand for a good old fashioned Texas Roundup.

George Wing Shee has been assigned the task of getting General Chennault to attend. The general is a wonderful guy from an eastern county of Texas, known as Louisiana. He is a real rugged individual who has placed his name and deeds firmly on the pages of history for all time, but he is also a very great American who believes in the good old fashioned American way. We sincerely hope the general will be able to take time from his duties and be with us at our August Reunion.

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.—Ed.

If you want to have fun, start making that costume for the Shamrock Reunion. On Puja night I want to see more Indians roaming about the Shamrock Lobby than Custer saw at the Little Big Horn. We want everybody to know we are in town, and being in costume will certainly announce it.

In the November issue I told you about the fishing for those who arrive early. Now, I know some of you will want to arrive early. If fishing is not your sport, perhaps Sylvan Beach on the Bay where you can enjoy the sun and surf in the afternoon, and dance and eat in the evening will interest you.

I was re-reading some of my old Roundups and came across an item by Bill Ziegler which emphasized the need for getting all the CBI boys in the organization. Bill's count is 250,000, and we have contact with only 8,000. This leaves a lot of work to be done during the year. Texas is large enough to take care of that many at the Reunion, so ask every CBI vet to be in Houston. They will all be members then.

The Shamrock is in contact with Tony Martin who is under contract to Hilton Hotels, to see if his schedule can be juggled to make his Shamrock appearance coincide with the CBI Reunion. Tony, you'll recall, was in Calcutta and did his singing for us on radio.

Gene Brauer has finally sent me the new CBIVA letterheads and envelopes. If you would like to see what they look like, just write me a letter with some news about your activities in the CBIVA and I'll reply.

A reservation from Past Commander William F. Brown of Sedalia, Mo., has been received, wanting a couple of rooms at the Shamrock. Now here's a CBI wallah who brought all his gray matter back from the Far East. He knows this will be the biggest and best convention to date. He's already ahead of most of you, so get that reservation in now, addressed to Sid Hopkins, Shamrock Hotel, Houston, Texas.

Don't wait until summer. We have reserved only 450 rooms and it looks as though we will need more!

Gene Brauer, CBIVA's capable Adjutant, has been sending out mimeographed notices with membership renewals that the 1956 Reunion site will be the Shamrock Hotel at **Dallas**, Texas. We appreciate any and all advertisement you give Texas, Gene, but the Shamrock is in **Houston** and we refuse to move it to Dallas!

Fraternally,

ROBERT E. NESMITH,
National Commander,
3318 Aberdeen Way,
Houston 25, Texas

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Support Indian Village

● The St. Louis barber who is supporting the village in India (Nov.) deserves a lot of credit. When we see the good one man can do to foster better relations between India and the U.S. I wonder why Ex-CBI Roundup or the CBI Veterans Assn. doesn't get together a fund and similarly adopt a village somewhere in India? If several associations in this country would undertake a good samaritan deal like this, just think of the goodwill? In any event, a few dollars means little to us while to an Indian village it could mean the difference between lousy living conditions and excellent living conditions. I'd like to hear some comments on this.

PAUL J. HARKINS,
New York, N.Y.



OPERATIONS TOWER and headquarters building at Mohanbari, Assam, built by the U.S. in 1944 and still being used as a civilian airport.

127th Signal Co.

● By chance I came across a copy of Ex-CBI Roundup and was very much impressed. I was a member of the 127th Signal Rad. Int. Co. at Chabua, Sadiya, Kunming, Paoshan, Chungking and Shanghai. Have read other

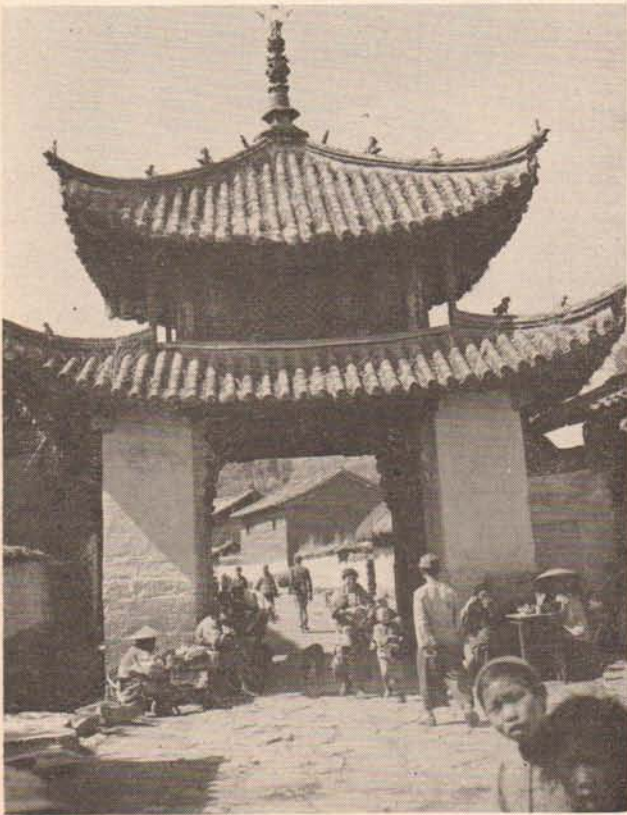
veterans' magazines for several years and have yet to see a picture or name of anyone I know. I'm sure in the near future your magazine will provide something. What impressed me most about Roundup is the fact that there are no letters asking for favors for the ex-GI. I hope the CBI gang will keep from becoming a bunch of pressure group hounds. I sincerely believe the government has done all in its power to help the ex-soldier.

GEORGE WALZ,
Burlington, Ia.

Road and Railroad

● The story, "Railway South of The Clouds" (Nov.) is reminiscent of the disposition of The Ledo Road. The author tells of frantically trying to build a railroad line in China and Burma to be used against the Japanese. In the end the railroad was used against us. Americans died building The Ledo Road which we hoped would serve as a supply line to China, only to have the war end shortly after it was completed. Now, after a decade of little or no use, it looks like the road will be restored by the Chinese Communists and converted to their own use, whatever that may be. It won't be good, we can be sure of this! It's ironic that it turned out this way, but I guess no one could foresee in 1946 the events that have taken place since.

FRANKLIN TIETZE,
Tucson, Ariz.



GATEWAY TO a small village near Yangkai, China, frequently visited by Americans stationed in the area during wartime.

India Imports Arriving Soon!

While in India, on the Pilgrimage, we inspected and purchased large quantities of merchandise which will be shipped this month.

Listed below are some of the items which will be offered on this page to CBI-ers after arrival. We cannot quote prices until transportation and Customs duty have been computed:

BRASSWARE

Cobra Candlesticks
Rose Bowls
Cocktail Sets
Persian Coffee Pots
(All Sizes)
Vases (All Sizes)
40 Other Brassware Articles

WOOD CARVINGS

Jewel Boxes
Sandlewood Boxes
Walnut Tables

Rosewood Elephants
Dragon Lamps
Carved Heads
Kashmir Rugs
Gurkha Knives
Zari Purses
Ivory Jewelry
Banaras Silk Saris
Banaras Silk Scarves
Ivory Chess Sets
Silver Filigree Jewelry
Hookahs (Water Pipes)

ALL OF THE ARTICLES listed above will be advertised at special prices to CBI-ers on this page after arrival in Denver. We expect delivery sometime in February.

ON HAND FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY are all of the articles listed on the Back Cover of the October, 1955 issue, plus a large assortment of Zari Embroidered Ladies Evening Bags, in gold, silver and gold-and-silver designs. These bags are \$8.50 plus 85 cents federal excise tax, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.



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P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colorado